

"And he died early in the Fif-

"Last night or this mornin, and I don't believe he was."

"But he must be."

"Then I'm a liar, am I?" squeaked the old man as he rose up and spat on his wrinkled hands.

"I don't say that. I wouldn't call an old man a liar even if I knew he lied. The trouble is that you don't understand."

"I'd as lief be called a liar as a fool!" shouted the old man, growing more aggressive as the other

"Can a man live 400 years?" demanded the other.

"He kin fur all of me! I hain't sayin' how long he shall live."

"Is your neighbor 400 years old?"

"He don't look it, but I never asked his age. I wuz brung up to hev better manners than to ask folks' ages."

"Well, you ought to know that

"Orter, know! How'd I orter know? D'ye 'spose I go around pryin into other felkses' bizness and makin a fool o' myself? When he bought the farm next to me on the north they said he was Christopher C'lumbus who diskivered America. He looked like it and acted like it, and why should I

"I'm sorry for you," said the passenger, as a last shot.

"Because you are so ignorant," "What, callin names?" shouted the old man as he spat all over his hands and hopped around. "Folks you call me a liar and then you call me names! I won't stand it!" Another blamed minnit! I'll give you the gaud darnedest lickin a feller ever got in all his born days!" "Here, cum back!"

But the other hastened away, and when he had turned the corner of the depot and disappeared from view the old man, whose words had been wabbling about all the time, resumed his seat and flourished his aged fists around and exclaimed:

"Mebba that's somebody else."

about Christopher C'lumbus! I'm a chain't no fighter, but I've got me woken up for the first time in thirty years, and I'll give any man a barrel' of cider as dast knock a chip off my shoulder!"—New York Herald.

**It Was Paralysis and Not Faith.**

The minister was ecstatic in his greeting of the former parishioner whom he had not seen since the latter's removal to the west, years previous.

"My dear old friend," the clergyman said, "I hear the best accounts of you."

“Understand you’ve stopped drinking,” the pastor continued cheerfully.

“Good. Faith gave you strength to resist the tempter, I suppose?”

“Not exactly. Got paralysis in my left eye, don’t you know, and couldn’t signal the druggist.

With a few more pleasant words they parted.

**Her Reply Stumped Gladstone.**

Once, at an evening party, Mr. Gladstone, attempting to make himself agreeable, it is to be presumed, said to a pretty, bright-eyed girl of seventeen or eighteen summers distinguished for her beauty and accomplishments in the circle of her admirers:

"Pray, Miss Blank, can you tell me how love begins?"

"And she instantly replied with a merry twinkle and smile:

"Why, with L, of course," to the discomfiting the distinguished scholar and statesman.

---

A Cross-Grained Fellow.

At home:

"What! nothing but eggs and bacon for breakfast?" exclaims Mr. H., in disgust. Receiving no answer from his patient spouse he starts off for a restaurant.

At the restaurant—a quarter of a hour later:

Waiter—What do you wish for breakfast, sir?

Mr. H. (after a moment's reflection)—Bacon and eggs.